

T R I P THROUGH THE T O W N.



CONTAINING
Observations on the Humours and
Manners of the AGE.

(5)

Reflections on London in general.

The Art of walking in *St. James's Park*.

Beans and Blockheads; together with Coffee-House Politicians, exposed.

A Dissertation on the Craft of the *Town-Beggars*, and the monstrous Pride and Insolencies of *Women-Servants*.

The Humours of *Newgate* and *Tyburn* on the Day of Execution.

The *Horse-Guards*, prov'd to be better Subjects, though worse Soldiers than the *Foot-Guards*.

A remarkable Character of *Sir Timosby Testy*, Knight.

The real Causes of the De-

baucheries practis'd upon the *Fair Sex*; shewing the true Reasons why such infinite Numbers of *fine young Creatures* are daily forc'd into the *Service of the Publick*.

People of Fashion required to keep their *young Daughters* out of their *Kitchens*.

A merry Water-Ramble from *Westminster* to *Wapping*; the Miseries of that Part of the Town described; with some Account of a Tumult near *King Edward's Sairs*, occasioned by a *Sea Lieutenant's* *LADY* unfortunately discharging a Chamber-Pot from a Two-Pair of Stairs Window on a decay'd *Baronet's* WIFE.

With many other diverting PARTICULARS.

The Fifth EDITION.

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TRIP through the TOWN, &c.

A Description of London in general ; of St. James's Park ; the Charing-Cross Coffee-Houses ; with an Account of a Sub-Brigadier's fainting away at a Relation of the Siege of Philipsburgh ; Prince Eugene's Conduct on the Rhine censur'd by a Druggist : Of a Miser's raising an immense Estate by purchasing Annuities on the Lives of the Life-Guard Men ; the Humours of the Infant-Office in St. Giles's, where young Children are let out at hire by the Day to Beggars.

THE Town of LONDON is a kind of large Forest of *Wild-Beasts*, where most of us range about at a venture, and are equally savage, and mutually destructive one of another : The strange *Hurries* and *Impertinencies* ; the busy *Scramblings* and *Underminings* ; and what is worse, the monstrous *Villanies*, *Cheats* and *Impostures* in it. The innumerable Equipages, and outward Appearances, that we see in every Corner, are but the dismal prospect of an *Universal Poverty*, and *Crouds of miserable People*, either wrack'd with the Agonies of their own *Guilt*, or *Folly*, or

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groaning under the terrible Apprehensions of *Bankruptcy*. Observe the Shops, and you'll see an universal Discontent, and Melancholly hanging in the Faces of their respective Occupiers. Look into the *Churches*, and there only a few *elderly Widows* and *antiquated Virgins*, because they are acceptable at no other Assemblies, and so make a Virtue of necessity. We have a *Play-House* to every *Parish*, and more than a thousand *Taverns*, and *Brothels*, to one *Church*. I will venture to affirm, that a Man may go thro' all the *Parishes* *within* the Walls of *London* and those *without*, and scarce find twelve People in any one of them, that can without great hesitation tell him the Name of their Minister. I have seen an antient Inhabitant, who has paid Scot and Lot, and serv'd all Offices, as hard put to answer such a Question, as a *Colonel* of a Regiment would be to rehearse the *Apostles Creed*, or a *Countess* to say her *Catechism*. *Pho! what a Memory have I?* says one; *It's just at my Tongue's end*, cries another; *Was there ever such a treacherous Brain?* goes a third. *I know it as well as I do my own, but cannot for the Life of me think on't*, &c. Tho' I must confess indeed that there may be a great many People who affect Ignorance in these respects, for fear of bringing themselves under the *Imputation* of frequenting Places of religious Worship.

If you peep into *Westminster-Hall*, the *Lawyers* are together by the ears with one another, and nothing but Complaints against the *badness of the Terms*, and want of Money, is heard among them: While Jury-men are endeavouring to get off the Pannels at any rate, for fear of being starv'd in empty Courts in the Winter. The religious Pretenders are all furiously hating and uncha-

uncharitably censuring one another, snapping, snarling, grinning and biting, and almost every Party wishing all the rest damn'd but those that agree with them in their own Opinion and Judgment.

The *Great Men* at the Court-end of the Town are peculiarly distinguish'd, by refusing to do any thing to serve others, and by a great number of tall powder'd *Animals* with two Legs, who walk before a Chair, or hang like a cluster of Bees at the hind part of the Chariot, embracing one another in an indecent posture: For the benefit of this part of the *Metropolis*, which includes the *Beau Monde*, the KING has given the liberty to all *idle People*, of walking in *St. James's Park*: Here is the *Mall* famous for being the rendezvous of the Gay and Gallant, who assemble there to *see* and be *seen*, to *censure* and be *censured*; the *Ladies* to shew their fine Clothes and the product of the Toiler, the Men to shew their *Toupees*, observe all the Beauties, and fix on some Favourite to toast that Evening at the Tavern. Every one here is curious in examining those who pass them, and are very nice and very malicious. In this Place of general Concourse, People often join into the Company of those whom they either deride or hate; for Company is not sought here for the Benefit of *Conversation*, but Persons couple together to get a little Confidence, and embolden themselves against the common Reflections of the *Place*. They talk continually, no matter of what, for they talk only to be taken notice of by those who pass by them; for which Reason they raise their Voices, for them who know them, not to pass without a *Bow en passant*. At this Place *Ladies* will walk four or five

Miles in a Morning with all the Alacrity imaginable, who at home think it an insupportable Fatigue to *journey* from one end of their Chamber to the other.

I have seen a Beau stand reconnoit'ring the *Mall*, divided within himself in as many Minds as a Lady in a Lace-Chamber, or a Rake in a Bawdy-House, to think which Set of Company he shall annex himself to; and to avoid the *fatal Consequences* of making a *false Step*, use as much caution as a prudent Parent would do in the matrimonial Disposition of a Daughter. An *escaping Eye* hath often passed over a *Gentleman Usher*, when a *Groom* of the *Bed-Chamber* has been diligently pursu'd from one end of the *Park* to the other. A plain *Irish Lord* shall be able to lead half a dozen *Laced Coats* up and down like so many Beagles in a String during pleasure, and I have e'er now seen him as much neglected, as an honest poor Family in distress upon the sight of a *Ribbon*; though 'tis surprizing to think what an attractive Quality every *Ribbon*, according to its Colour, hath in this place.

I once happened to fall into a File of very fine Fellows in this Place, and remember that when we began our March, we rank'd one *French Suit*, tho' something sullied, three pair of *Clock-Stockings*, one Suit of *Paduasoy*, two *Embroider'd Waistcoats*; the one a little tarnish'd, and two pair of *Velvet Breeches*: We made a most formidable shew, carrying the whole breadth of the *Mall*, and sweeping all before us; we thought our selves at least capable to act upon the *Defensive*, but by that we had got opposite to *Godolphin House*, we were convinced of our Error, for here a Puppy in a *French Suit* pulling out a most extravagantly rich *Snuff-Box*, no less than
three

three deserted, and went at once over to the *Enemy*. As one Misfortune seldom comes alone, a monstrous *Gold-headed Cane* in the hands of a Gamester, depriv'd us of two more of our Company, so that all on a sudden our *Corps* was dwindled away like the *South-Sea Project*, and began to look as thin as a House of Parliament at a 30th of *January* Sermon, or an independent Company of Foot. In this Plight the Remains of us stood staring upon each other as stupidly, as the Country People do, when they go to view the Royal Apartments at *Hampton-Court* or *Windsor*, as not knowing whether it was best to advance or retreat: Fortunately for us, in this Dilemma we enlisted one of the most beautiful *Sword-Knots* that ever came into the Kingdom: we could perceive *Recruits* coming in from every Quarter; and in less than 7 Minutes got ourselves into *statu quo*: Several Revolutions of this kind happen'd to us in the space of about two Hours, till at last I was left only with a little strutting Fellow, who calls himself *Secretary* to a foreign Minister, and him I got rid of, by his fixing his Eye upon a *Periwig*, that appear'd to be made about a *Month* later than mine was.

I took notice of a *Lady*, who was moving with such awful State and Majesty, that her graceful Deportment bespoke her nothing less than a Person of the first Rank; all the Eyes upon the Valet de Chambre and Ladies Womens Walks were directed towards her, and great Enquiry was made after her Titles. A *Baroness*, who I thought was going to give her an Invitation to the Opera, or to make a Party at Quadrille, gave her a gentle Reprimand, for loading her fine *Brussels* Head and Ruffles, with such a quantity of *Starch*, that she said, they fate

as heavy upon her as Frauds on a *Supercargo's* Conscience, and hoped that as she valu'd her Custom and Business, she would take more care for the future.

Passing out at the *Spring-Garden* Passage, a Hackney Coach with a little *Blackmoor Boy*, was waiting on two *fine Ladies*, to whom I could do no less than present my Hand to help them into their Vehicle; where having compos'd their Petticoats, and conceal'd their Ancles, from the lewd peepings of some idle Fellows at a Coffee-House Window, one of them put out her Head, and gave orders to stop at *Lady Larboard's* in *Ratcliffe Highway*.

Having heard that several of the *Standards*, and *Colours*, brought over by the *Norman Conqueror* in his first Expedition to *Britain*, had been converted into a Set of *Window-Curtains*, and were to be seen at a *Coffee-House* in this Neighbourhood; I resolv'd to pay a Visit to those venerable Reliques of Antiquity: Entering the Door, a Figure representing *Death* and *Hunger*, made me several low Reverences, and seem'd as obsequious as a young Counsellor the first day of Term, or the Beadle of a Parish when before his Masters, by way of welcoming me into his Territories. When I came into the Room, the whole Company set their Eyes upon me, as though I had been a Picture-Shop; this Stare was followed by a general Whisper, to know who I was. After having look'd as shyly upon 'em, as a cockaded Captain upon a plain honest Tradesman, I took my Seat in this College of *Twopenny* Senators, as became a free-born *Englishman*.

A Clergyman, who had a *Dish* of Coffee administered to him, ask'd the Master of the House
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if he was not bred a *Printer*. No, said he, but I understand something of Books. I imagin'd so, replies the Doctor, because I never met with a handsomer Margin to a Coffee-Cup in my Life.

An *Irish* Gentleman was engag'd in a warm dispute with many others, upon the news of the Duke of *Berwick's* being kill'd by a Cannon-Ball; and when the fact had been put beyond all possibility of a doubt, the Man declar'd he would not believe it, though he was even to see his Corpse. I observ'd as he was going away, he left word at the Bar, that he should be either on the Atheists Walk in *Westminster Abbey*, or the Affidavit Walk in *Westminster Hall*.

A Person who pretended to have serv'd as a Voluntier, in the Siege of *Philipsburgh*, was giving a most deplorable account of the terrible slaughter and havock, that was made of the Fellows on both sides; describing in a particular manner certain cruel accidents, that happen'd during the Siege: A Sub-Brig. of the Horse-Guards, who had sat very attentive to his Story, call'd out for a few *Hartshorn Drops* in a Glas of Water, begging withal, that the Discourse might be wav'd, as being a Subject too shocking and melancholy for humane Ears, and a Christian Country.

The Son of a certain Druggist, not far from *St. Paul's Cathedral*, was throwing his Arms up and down like a Kettle-Drummer, or a *French* Protestant in a religious Dispute, and with great profluence pointing out all the Errors Prince *Eugene* had committed upon the *Rhine*. There was the time he mist his opportunity, said he, then it was he should have struck the Blow; Zounds, had I but taken a Soup with him before he quitted *Wisenthal*!

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'Tis a shocking Reflection to a Person, who hath any Bowels for his Country, to see such numbers of great Genius's misapply'd; which had they acted in that Sphere Nature had design'd them, might have prov'd of real Utility to their Fellow-Creatures, and the greatest Benefactors Heaven could have bestow'd upon Mankind. In one place we behold a great *General* lost in a *Grocer*; in another a *Secretary of State* buried in a *Soap-Boiler*; here a Man that would have shone in the *Camp* and *Cabinet*, directing a *Board of Taylors*; a *Lord High Admiral* is perhaps *distilling* of *Malt Spirits*; and a *Treasurer* making of *Periwigs*. How many great *Chancellors* and *Judges* have we not lost in *Mercers Journeymen*, *Serjeants Clerks*, and other self-sufficient *Gentlemen*. Not to mention what this unfortunate Nation hath suffer'd, in not calling in to her Councils, the aid of several ancient Ladies, whose vast Abilities and superior Skill in Politicks, have so conspicuously appear'd, in *Drawing-Rooms*, and *Tea-Table* Conversations.

A *Usurer* I observ'd was under dreadful Apprehensions, from the Progress of the *French Arms* in *Italy*, and upon the *Rhine*; and moreover at a report of a Squadron of *French Men* of War lying at *Brest*, and several Regiments at *Calais*; these last gave him vast uneasiness indeed: The poor Creature, he really mov'd my Compassion, declar'd that for many Weeks past he had had no more peace of Mind, than a *York-Buildings* Director, or a Maid of Honour, under a Visitation of the Small-Pox; for fear the *Bougres* should take it into their heads, to come over hither, and reduce *Interest* to two *per Cent*. He assur'd me, that as he had a regard for his native Country, if I knew of any body that had
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Interest enough with the *French King*, to prevail on him to withdraw his Troops from the Sea-Coasts, he would willingly reward them with *Half a Crown*.

A Porter who had been gone a tedious while on an Errand, return'd with this open-mouth'd Answer to his Employer: *Sir, the Lady was just a shifting of herself, having been sent for on some special Affair to a Lawyer's Chambers; and I saw the Chair waiting for her at the Door, otherwise she would have been ready to receive your intended Visit.* The Gentleman lifting up his Cane, as if going to strike him, but thinking better on it, contented himself with saying, *Here stands at the End of this Stick, one of the errant'st Fools and Scoundrels in the Kingdom. At which End, an't like your Honour?* answers the Fellow.

My Landlord's meagre Aspect, having given me a tolerable Appetite, I enquired for an Ordinary, and was indeed directed to a most elegant one, at another *Coffee-House* not far from the *Mews*. When I came thither, a Gentleman-Usher ty'd up in a blue Apron, conducted me into a handsome Room, among a promiscuous Company, who I perceiv'd were unacquainted with one another. Not a word nor a smile pass'd for a considerable time, so that we sat like so many Mutes in the *Jerusalem Chamber*; till the silence was at length broke, by some mention of the late *Tobacco-Bill*. Upon which a Gentleman said, he had some reason to remember that troublesome Business, as being but newly recover'd from a violent illness, contracted by his rigid attendance *in the House*, when it was upon the Tapis; by this he gave us to understand, he was nothing less than a *Member of Parliament*.

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Another complain'd of the great number of *Robberies* and *Riots*, that were daily committed within the Bills of Mortality, to the great Scandal of the Christian Religion, and the Honour of the Nation, and the great trouble it gave the *Magistrates*, for that he had been *Committing* and *Binding* over all the Morning: by this he gain'd his Point, in letting us into the Secret of his being a *Justice of Peace*.

A third, a very corpulent Creature, having recover'd himself from a violent fit of Coughing, acquainted us, that we were like to have one of the most plentiful Seasons for Hay and Corn, as had been known in the memory of Man, and that he had Assurance for what he advanc'd, from a *Brother Common-Council Man*, who was newly return'd out of the *Northern Parts* of the Kingdom.

A young Gentleman in an open *lac'd-Hat*, with a huge *Cockade* fasten'd to it, confirm'd this Account, by affirming, that some few Days before he had receiv'd from *his Lieutenant* in Quarters, a Letter to the same effect; by which, and some other Circumstances he gave us Light into, I could see the sensible Pleasure he took, in perceiving we were all satisfy'd, that he was a *real Captain*, and in *full Pay*.

A fourth Person fell into a tedious Story, making as many stops and pauses in it, as a Miser does when he's paying away a large Sum of Money, to inform us of a vigorous Opposition he once gave in *his Vestry* to an Over-Rate, that was going to be impos'd upon the Parish, of which he had the honour to be *Church-Warden*.

He was interrupted by an odd sort of a Fellow, who complain'd bitterly of the *Easterly Wind*, because of the ill Effects it had on an old
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Contusion he got by a fall from his Horse, when he was riding Post to *dine with the Grand Pensionary*: He was entering into a *pleasant Joke*, the King of *France* once put upon him at *Fontainbleau*, when a Message call'd him away from the Table. His absence gave one of the Waiters an opportunity to inform us, that the *Gentleman* was a neighbouring *Apothecary*.

A sober sort of a Person hearing of a Contusion, next wip'd his Mouth, and expatiated a long while upon the Subject of Wounds, Death, and Danger, and said himself had once the most miraculous Escape, as perhaps ever happen'd to an Officer of the Militia; and that was when the worthy Lieutenant-Colonel to the Train'd-Band Regiment (in which he had the happiness also to bear a Commission) had like to have been hurt, by the bursting of a Musquet Barrel, in *Totbill-Fields*, he had the honour to be within *thirteen* Yards of him.

Thus Pride makes us all Children, when it gets uppermost. The first that calls a Man a Fool is himself, and others do but take it from his own Mouth. When a weak Person shuns a Discovery, by *keeping his Tongue within his Teeth*, as the Proverb has it, we generally assign a kind Cause for his Silence, and believe it to be the effect of good Sense, which is never very forward; but if his Tongue betrays him and shews him a *soft Head*, the World is not to blame for passing Sentence, when he himself has confess'd the Guilt.

As Pity is often by our selves, and in our own Cases mistaken for Charity, so it assumes the Shape, and borrows the very Name of it; a *Beggar* asks you to exert that Virtue for *Jesus Christ's sake*, but all the while his great Design

is to raise your Pity. He represents to your view, the worst side of his Ailments and Bodily Infirmities; in chosen Words he gives an Epitome of his Calamities, real or fictitious; and while he seems to pray to God, that he will open your Heart, he is actually at work upon your Ears; the greatest Profligate of them flies to Religion for Aid, and assists his Cant with a Doleful Tone, and a study'd Dismality of Gestures: But he trusts not to one Passion only, he flatters your Pride, with Titles and Names of Honour and Distinction; your Avarice he soothes with often repeating to you, the smallness of the Gift he sues for, and conditional Promises of future Returns, with an Interest extraordinary beyond the Statute of Usury, tho' out of the reach of it. People not used to great Cities, being thus attacked on all sides, are commonly forc'd to yield, and cannot help giving something, tho' they can hardly spare it themselves.

When Sores are very bad, or seem otherwise afflicting in an extraordinary Manner, and the Beggar can bear to have them expos'd to the cold Air, it is very shocking to some People; 'tis a shame they cry such Sights shou'd be suffer'd: the main Reason is, it touches their Pity *feelingly*, and at the same time they are resolv'd, either because they are covetous, or count it an idle Expende, to give nothing, which makes them more uneasy. They turn their Eyes, and where the Cries are dismal, some would willingly stop their Ears, if they were not ashamed. What they can do is to mend their Pace, and be very angry in their Hearts, that Beggars shou'd be about Streets. The only thing the industrious Beggar has left to conquer these fortified Hearts, if he can walk either with or without Crutches,

is to follow close, and with uninterrupted Noise teaze and importune them, to try if he can make them buy their Peace. A young hale Fellow, approach'd me once in the *Haymarket*, with a most melancholly Aspect: *Booth* never shone greater in the Character of *Cato*; nor *Betterton* in that of *Tamerlane*, than this Villain did in his Crutches. I took out a couple of Pence, praying his Acceptance of that Trifle, as an Earnest of the Sense I had of his great Genius and Capacity, and that had I been a Person of Fortune and Figure, I should have been as great an Encourager, as I was an Admirer of *Arts and Sciences*.

Having one Day rambled into the Heart of the good Parish of *St. Giles's in the Fields*, I stood staring and gaping about, like the Mayor of a Country Corporation in the *Court of Requests*, till at length I came to a Place call'd the *Infant Office*, where young Children stand at Livery, and are let out by the Day to the Town Mendicants. The first Scene that presented was a little Villain of about four Years old, who, upon my asking him some Questions, told me that his Father had been a House-Carpenter in *Dublin*, where he broke his Neck by a fall from a Scaffold, in repairing a Cellar Window, and died about seven Years before he was born. A Woman of above 70 would needs hire a Baby that was sucking at the Breast, and another who had a Complexion as fallow as a *Portuguese* Sailor, must forsooth be accommodated with a Child, as fair as a Smock-fac'd Parson. One Woman hired no less than four for the Day, two she pack'd up behind her like a *Scotch* Pedlar's Budget, the third was to run by her Side bawling out for Victuals, and the fourth she held in her Arms, like a tuneable Instrument to be set to *Musick*, when she came in
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the View of any seemingly well-dispos'd People. An ancient Matron, who had the superintendency of the Office, held forth in her Arms a pretty Poppet of about a Year old, telling them there was a sweet innocent Picture, a moving Countenance, that would not fail making a Sergeant at Law feel for his Half-pence, and would extort Charity even from a Divine. A Beggar Woman, who was vastly in Arrear for the Lett of Children, was refus'd any longer Credit till she had paid off the old Score, made no more to do but threw an old ragged Riding-Hood over her Shoulders, cursing them for a Parcel of unchristian old B—tches in forcing her to tell the Town ten thousand Lyes, by saying she *had three poor Infants sick at home.*

Every one being suited according to their Circumstances and Convenience, it was not altogether an unpleasing Sight, to behold this little *Auxiliary Army* march off to lay a great Protestant City and its Suburbs under *Contribution.*

On *Maid Servants.*

THE Inconveniences daily arising from the Insolence and Intrigues of our Servant-Wenches, who, by their caballing together, have made their Party so considerable, that every body cries out against them, and yet no body has thought of, or at least propos'd a Remedy, although such an Undertaking (mean as it seems to be) I hope will one Day be thought worthy the Consideration of the Legislature: Women Servants are now so scarce, that from *thirty* and *forty* Shillings a Year, their Wages are increas'd of late to *six, seven* and *eight* Pounds *per Ann.* insomuch, that an ordinary Tradesman cannot
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well keep one ; but his Wife, who might be useful in his Shop, or Business, must do the Drudgery of Household Affairs: And all this, because our Servant Wenches are so puffed up with Pride, now-a-days, that they never think they go fine enough: It is a hard matter to know the Mistress from the Maid by their Dress ; nay, very often the Maid shall be much the finer of the two. Our Woollen Manufacture suffers much by this, for nothing but *Silks* and *Sattins* will go down with our *Kitchen Wenches* ; to support which intolerable Pride, they have insensibly rais'd their Wages to such a Height, as was never known in any Age or Nation but this.

Let us trace this from the beginning, and suppose a Person has a Servant Maid, sent him out of the Country at fifty Shillings, or three Pounds a Year. The Girl has scarce been a Week, nay, a Day in her Service, but a Committee of Servant Wenches are appointed to examine her, who advise her to raise her Wages, or give warning ; to encourage her to which, the *Herb Woman* or *Chandler Woman*, or some other old Intelligencer, provides her a Place of four or five Pounds a Year ; this sets Madam Cock-a-hoop, and she thinks of nothing now but Vails and high Wages, and so gives warning from Place to Place, till she has got her Wages up to the Top.

Her Neats-Leathern Shoes are now transform'd into Lac'd Ones with high Heels ; her Yarn Stockings are turn'd into fine Worsted Ones, with Silk Clocks ; and her high Wooden Pattens are kick'd away for Leathern Clogs ; she must have a Hoop too, as well as her Mistress ; and her poor scanty Linsey Woolsey Petticoat, is
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chang'd into a good Silk one, four or five Yards wide at the least. Not to carry the Description farther, in short, plain Country *Joan* is now turn'd into a fine *London* Madam, can drink *Tea*, take *Snuff*, and carry herself as high as the best.

Our *Sessions Papers* of late are crouded with Instances of Servant Maids, robbing their Places, this can be only attributed to their Devilish Pride; for their whole Enquiry now-a-days, is how little they shall do, how much they shall have.

I was t'other Day at the *Old-Bailey*, and heard the Trial of a *Yorkshire* Wench, who stood indicted for *feloniously stealing* from her Mistress, a dozen of round-Ear'd LAC'D CAPS, of very considerable Value: The Creature pleaded *not Guilty*, insisting very strenuously, that she had her Mistress's *express Orders* for what she had done. The Prosecutrix being call'd upon by the Court, to answer this Allegation, said, *Mary thou wast always a most abominable Lyar.* — *Very true, Madam*, replies the Hussy, *for whenever I told a ROUND LYE, you was so good as to bid me TAKE YOUR CAP.* The Court fell into a violent fit of Laughter, and the Jury acquitted the Prisoner.

If a Slut be tolerably handsome, and has any Share of Cunning, the Apprentice or her Master's Son is entic'd away and ruin'd by her. Thus many good Families are impoverish'd and disgraced by these pert Husses, who taking the advantage of a young Man's Simplicity and unruly Desires, draw many heedless Youths, nay, some of good Estates into their Snares; and of this we have innumerable Instances.

I happen'd to dine one Day in the *City*, with a discreet housewifely Woman, who gave me the Characters of half a score Maids, she had in the compass of twelve or thirteen Weeks.

There was BETTY EBONY, (said she) a black Wench, as clever a Servant as ever laid Sheet cross a Feather-Bed, but so light-finger'd that she'd out-pilfer a Nurse to a sick Person; yet I know not how it happen'd, the Jade came recommended under as good a Character, as a Watch made by *Tompion* or *Grabam*.

TIBB TIDEY, for the first three or four Days, look'd as meek and humble as an Apothecary, at the side of a Physician's Chariot; yet when one of my Children did but tap her on the Arm, she flew into as violent a Passion as a *Welsh* Cook in a Tavern-Kitchen, upon being told *her own*; and discover'd as vindictive a Temper as a Butcher, for an injury done to his Dog.

DOROTHY DOWDY, as bold a Baggage as ever set Foot over Threshold, and tho' she came from the Town of *Hastings*, yet was as *slow* as a pamper'd Church Dignitary is, in going to perform the Funeral Service over a poor Corpse, or an Insolvent, to surrender himself to the *Fleet* or *King's-Bench* Prison, in discharge of his Bail.

KATE CARELESS liv'd with me about six Weeks, during which time, my Parlour and Dining-Room, lay in as much Litter, and Confusion, as a Barber's Shop on a Saturday Evening: My Linnen, she made look of the hue of a confin'd Debtor's, when he's dish'd out, to be carried up by *Habeas Corpus* to *Westminster*; when I bid her tye on a Hood, or stick a Pin in my Manteau, I appear'd as rumpled and discompos'd, as a kept Mistress after a Visit from her Keeper; then she would go as awkwardly about

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every other part of her Work, as a *City Coffee-Man* doth to mount his Horse.

REBECCA READY, a thorough Servant, one that did her Work, as quick as a Highwayman; but then endow'd with such a Tongue, that to stop it, would be as difficult a matter, as to prevent a handsome Actress from turning Whore, or a Philazer from taking Fees.

DIRTY DORCAS, a Parson's Daughter, consequently a little crackish, and addicted to pilfering, having serv'd an Apprenticeship to a *Manteau-maker*. When she first enter'd my House, with an old *Band-Box* under one Arm, and a little dirty Linnen *Bundle* under the other, she was seiz'd in Fee Simple, of one *Cotton Night-Gown*; *two Shifts*; one *white* and one *colour'd Apron*; *two Handkerchiefs* and a half; one Pair of *lac'd old Shoes*, a ha'pworth of *Scotch Snuff*; and two Yards of *sixperny Ribbon*: and yet in less than three Months, grew more proud and saucy, than a City 'Prentice in the last Year of his Time, or an insolent Footman, on his being taken out of Livery, to be converted into a Butler, or Valet de Chambre; and was withal so heedless and idle, that she was forced to be follow'd up and down like a Felon going to Trial.

NEWCASTLE NAN, a *Northumberland* Creature; one had need to have had the patience of a *Chelsea-College* Pensioner, when he stands upon the Banks of the *Thames* to catch Gudgeons, to bear with that Slut's Impertinence. When I took her into my House, she appear'd more like an *acquitted* poor Wretch, turn'd out at the Doors of the *Old Baily*, than a Person fitting to be entertain'd in a sober Family. The very Shift she had to her B——side was in as many holes as a Cribbage-Board; and her Gown a fine Beau would

would as soon have stoop'd to take up a poor Creature, that had fallen down in an Apoplectick Fit, as a Bunter would have done, to take it off a Dunghill: then for a Lyar, there was no more believing her than a News-Paper.

HANNAH HAIRBRAINS, was a Girl that *could do well if she wou'd*; but when *Will was'n't at home*, a lazy fat Prebendary could not be a more usefess Creature. And when before Company, could be as silent as a half-pay Officer's Pocket, or an offending Hackney-Coachman before his Commissioners; but when got among her triggery Mates, as loud and talkative, as a young Rake of Quality just arriv'd from his Travels, or a green Divine from the University.

JENNY JILT, would be as familiar with me as a Whore's Maid in a Coach with her Mistress, or a Sergeant's Clerk in the same Vehicle with his Master, but no more to be trusted than a North-Country Attorney. I'll tell you a Trick this Wench once serv'd me: A Gentleman who was under a Cloud, having some years before sold himself to the Devil, that he might enjoy great Wealth, and indulge himself in a luxurious Life, for a certain Term of Years; the Time being near expir'd, he was advis'd by Friends, to keep out of the way 'till Matters could be made easy. The poor Man (*I shall never forget him*) took a Lodging in my House, and telling me his Misfortune, desired to be conceal'd. *Now as sure as you're alive*, this Minks of mine, by some Means or other, got into the Secret, and cou'dn't rest till she went to a Justice of Peace, to give an Information. I will now leave it to you to judge, whether any body was ever so handled with Servants as I have been: To have every Circumstance of Life expos'd as much as a neces-

sitated Courtier is, to the Pay-Master of his Salary, or an extravagant subaltern Officer to his Agent.

But of all the rest, commend me to one KITTY COLTISH, a *Norfolk* Girl, who, after she demanded *eight* Pounds a Year Wages, I agreed with her for *six*, and found her as much puzzled to clean a Room, as the Clerk to a great Company would be to make up his Accounts: she wou'd handle her Mop as clumsily, as a thriving Victualler doth a new piece of Plate in a Silver-Smith's Shop; and so errant a Strumpet, that I was ever and anon detecting her in writing Letters to Fellows, with as much bad Spelling and Nonsense in them, as in the Supercriptions of the Whore's Epistles, that stand wedged up in the Bars of the *Charing-Cross* Coffee-Houses, for the Officers of the Guards. Reprove her for her Faults, she would sometimes be as pert, and saucy, as a young Beau Shopkeeper; telling me, she, truly, wou'd n't be run down, like a poor Alms Woman, by a Parish Overseer; and at others, as silent and sullen, as a phthisicky old Parson in a Stage-Coach.

Thus, said she, I have given you a Relation of a Series of Servants, that have pester'd me in so short a time. I was shock'd at my Friend's Narration, and could not but condole with her upon these Misfortunes.

If a Master or Mistress enquire after any thing missing, they must be sure to place their Words in due Form, or Madam huffs and flings about at a strange rate; What! would you make a Thief of her? Who would live with such mistrustful Folks? Thus you are oblig'd to hold your tongue, and sit down quietly by your Loss, for fear of offending your Maid forsooth!

Again,

Again, if your Maid shall maintain one, two, or more Persons from your Table, whether they are her poor Relations, Country Folk, Servants out of Place, Shoe-cleaners, Chare-Women, Porters, or any other of her menial Servants, who do her Ladyship's Drudgery, and go of her Errands; you must not grumble or complain at your Expence, or ask what is become of such a thing, or such a thing? Although it might never so reasonably be supposed, that it was altogether impossible to have so much expended in your Family; but hold your tongue for Peace-sake, or Madam will say, you grudge her Victuals, and expose you to the last Degree all over the Neighbourhood. Thus have they a Salve for every Sore, cheat you to your Face, and insult you into the bargain; nor can you help yourself, without exposing yourself, or putting yourself into a Passion.

Another great Abuse crept in among us, is the giving of Vails to Servants; this was intended originally as an Encouragement to such as were willing and handy, but by Custom and Corruption, it is now grown to be a Thorn in our sides; and, like other good things, abus'd, does more harm than good: for now they make it a Perquisite, a material part of their Wages, nor must their Master give a Supper, but the Maid expects the Guests shou'd pay for it, nay, sometimes through the Nose. Thus have they spirited People up to this unnecessary and burdensome piece of Generosity, unknown to our Ancestors, who only gave Gifts at *Christmas-tide*, which Custom is yet kept up into the Bargain; insomuch, that a Maid shall have eight Pounds *per Annum*, in a Gentleman's or Merchant's Family: and if her Master is a Man of a free Spirit,

Spirit, and receives much Company, she very often doubles her Wages, by her Vails. Thus having Meat, Drink, Washing, and Lodging for her Labour, she throws her whole Income upon her Back, and by this means, looks more like the Mistress of a Family, than the Servant-Wench.

But the greatest Abuse of all is, that these Creatures are become their own Lawgivers, nay, I think they are ours too, tho' no body would imagine, that such a set of Slatterns shou'd bamboozle a whole Nation: but it is neither better or worse, they hire themselves to you by their own Rule, that is a Month's Wages, or a Month's Warning; if they don't like you, they will go away the next Day, help yourself how you can; if you don't like them, you must give them a Month's Wages, to get rid of them.

This Custom of Warning, as practis'd by our Maid-Servants, is now become a great Inconvenience to Masters and Mistresses. You must carry your Dish very upright, or *Miss* forsooth gives you Warning; and you are either left destitute, or to seek for a Servant: so that, generally speaking, you are seldom or never fix'd, but always at the mercy of every new Comer, to divulge your Family-Affairs, to inspect your private Life, and treasure up the Sayings of yourself and Friends. A very great Confinement, and much complain'd of in most Families; 'tis by these Means they run away with a great part of our Money, which might be better employ'd in Trade; and what is worse, by their insolent Behaviour, their Pride in Dress, and their exorbitant Wages, they give birth to the following Inconveniences.

They

They set an ill Example to our Children, our Apprentices, our Covenant-Servants, and other Dependants, by their saucy and insolent Behaviour; their pert and sometimes abusive Answers, their daring Defiance of Correction, and many other Insolencies which Youth are but too apt to imitate.

By their Extravagance in Dress, they put our Wives and Daughters upon the greatest Excesses, because they will (as indeed they ought) go finer than the Maid: thus the Maid striving to out-do the Mistress, the Tradesman's Wife to out-do the Gentleman's Wife, the Gentleman's emulating the Lady, and the Ladies one another; it seems as if the whole Business of the Female Sex were nothing but excess of Pride, and extravagancy in Dress.

Indeed I have not particularly mention'd FOOTMEN in the forgoing Discourse; yet the Complaints alledg'd against the Maids, are as well *Masculine* as *Feminine*, and very applicable to our *Gentlemen's Gentlemen*: I would therefore have them also brought under proper Regulations; and as they are *Fellow-Servants*, would not make *Fish* one, and *Flesh* of the other, since daily Experience teaches us, that *Never a Barrel the better Herring*.

*The Humours of Newgate and Tyburn,
upon the Day of Execution.*

WHEN the Day of Execution is come, among extraordinary Sinners, and Persons condemn'd for their Crimes, who have but that Morning to live, one would expect a deep Sense of Sorrow, with all the signs of a thorough Contrition, and the utmost Concern; that either Silence or a sober Sadness, should prevail; and that

that all, who had any Business there, should be grave and serious, and behave themselves at least with common Decency, and a Deportment suitable to the Occasion. But the very reverse is true, the horrid Aspects of Turnkeys and Goalers in discontent and hurry, the sharp and dreadful Looks of Rogues that beg in Irons, but would rob you with greater Satisfaction, if they could; the Bellowings of half a dozen Names at a time, that are perpetually made in the Enquiries after one another; the variety of strong Voices that are heard of Howling in one place, Scolding and Quarrelling in another, and loud Laughter in a third; the substantial Breakfasts that are made in the midst of all this; the Seas of Beer that are swill'd; the never-ceasing Outcries for more; and the bawling Answers of the Tapsters as continual; the Quantity and Variety of more intoxicating Liquors, that are swallow'd in every part of *Newgate*; the Impudence and unseasonable Jest of those, who administer them; their black Hands and Nastiness all over; all these join'd together, are astonishing and terrible; without mentioning the Oaths and Imprecations, that from every Corner are echo'd about for Trifles; or the little Light and general Squallor of the Goal itself, accompany'd with the melancholy Noise of Fetters, differently sounding according to their Weight: But what is most shocking to a thinking Man, is the Behaviour of the Condemn'd, (whom for the greatest part) you'll find either drinking madly, or uttering the vilest Ribaldry, and jeering others that are less impenitent; whilst the *Ordinary* bustles among them, and, shifting from one to another, distributes Scraps of good Counsel to unattentive Hearers; and near him the *Hangman*, impatient

to be gone, swears at their Delays; and as fast as he can does his Part in preparing them for their Journey.

I was led into these Observations, when seeing one Day, a shoal of *'Prentices* in greasy Wool-len Night-Caps, follow'd by Drovers of *Shoemakers*, *Weavers* and *Watermen*, who were pressing thro' all the Streets, Lanes, Courts and Alleys, as though the City had been visited with a second *Conflagration*, or that all the People were flying away from another *Pestilence*, till a *Hackney Coachman* from his tatter'd Throne, was graciously pleas'd to inform me, that it was at the particular desire of the Law, the Tragi-Comedy of the *Dark-Leap*, was going to be perform'd that Morning, at the *Theatre near Paddington*; for which purpose, the *Actors* were then preparing to begin their Cavalcade from *Newgate*. Curiosity suffer'd me soon to be borne down by the Torrent, to the very Outworks of this famous Fortrefs; where in less time than a *P—r* can say his *Prayers*, or an *Irishman* perjure himself in *Westminster-Hall*, a Pail or two of Water so sluic'd me from Head to Foot, that had an Anti-court Author been coming out of the Pillory, a Reprieve arriv'd for all the Malefactors, or the Devil to fetch away the Executioner, the loud and joyful Acclamations, my polite Countrymen pour'd out on this Occasion, could not have been exceeded.

An *Oyster Damsel* highly delighted with my Misfortune, altho' both her *Eyes* stood behind a deep Intrenchment of an *azure* Colour, thrown up in some drunken Quarrel, perceiving me under no small uneasiness at the liquid Situation of my Apparel, cry'd out, *Marry come up and be d—m'd to ye, I'll warrant you'd debar the poor*

E

Souls

Souls, if you cou'd, from having a little Fun, before they go out of the World.

With much difficulty I forc'd my way up the Stone Stairs which lead to the *Hall*, where these unhappy Travellers have their *St. Pulchre's Boots*, as they are call'd, taken off before they set out upon their Journey. I had here no sooner recover'd the use of my Arms and Hands, but found myself in the state of a stript Bankrupt, before the Commissioners in the *Irish Chamber*; my *Watch*, *Keys* and *Tobacco Box* having made the tour of my Pockets: however, finding Means to pacify and pass the *Cerberus*, posted at the great Iron Door, I was no sooner enter'd but fancy'd myself at a *Tennis Court* or the *Tilt Yard* Guard-Room, from the delightful Conversation that pass'd between the good Company, waiting to see the Ceremony of the *Investiture* of the *Halter*.

A *Turnkey* kept jostling me to take notice of the Behaviour of a little rough-fac'd *Sailor*, with a speckled Handkerchief, hanging down to the Knees of his Breeches; that Man, said he, will turn out the Hero of the Tree, and do Honour to our Execution; observe how negligently he *palms* his Prayer-Book, how disdainfully he treats the Exhortation, how stedfast are his Eyes on his *Mawks*, and how regardless of the Minister. *Ab!* adds he with a deep sigh, *what a fine thing it is to die well, and what would I not give to be certain of making so good an End.*

A *Butcher*, who seem'd to be as busy about the Place, as a Bailiff at a Horse-Race, or an Adjutant at an Exercise, threw himself into the most violent Agony I ever beheld a Man, to find that his dear Friend *Joe*, who was going to suffer for about a score of Robberies on the High-

High-way, should, after all his boasted Courage, snivel to the Ordinary, and die a Dunghill * at last.

A Fellow of a genteel Deportment, who was much deplor'd by the better sort of the Spectators, complained grievously of the Verdict that had pass'd against him, saying, that had it been given for 40000 l. instead of 40 s. in the room of passing in a dirty Vehicle to *Tyburn*, he had been flying in his Coach and Six to *Bath* or *Tunbridge* to receive the Compliments of the *Beau Monde*.

But a *Youth* that had receiv'd the Benefit of some School-Learning, appear'd to be under a deep Melancholly, because, as he said, he apprehended their Sufferings were not to terminate with the Execution; and when he express'd himself in this Manner, I observ'd his Eyes were pretty earnestly fix'd upon the Writer of the *Dying-Speech* Paper.

Two *Street-Robbers* received much comfort, in the Assurances given them, by one of their Doxys, that she had engaged a sufficient Number of her Friends from the *third Regiment*, to secure their Carcasses from being *Atomiz'd*.

A Clergyman, who was assisting the Ordinary in his Duty, took much pains with a young Lad, shewing him the comfortable Promises in the Gospel, to such as truly repented of their Sins. The Spark looking with a compos'd Countenance upon him, said, *Pray Sir of what College? — If it will be of any Service to thee, I am of Merion*, answers the Minister. — *D—mn my Eyes, if that by your knack at Sweetning, I didn't believe you'd been breed a Confectioner.*

E 2

A

* A Term us'd in *Newgate* for a Penitent;

A *Printer's Boy* was grovelling behind me, and muttering out, that the *Men stood still for Copy* ; upon which I perceived a *slender Gentleman* address himself to one of the *Criminals* in a low tone to this Effect, That he would *tip him* as handsome a *Coffin*, as a *Man* need desire to set his *A--rse* in, if he would *come down* but half a dozen more *Pages of Confession*. The *Prisoner* mighty elate at the *Proposal*, answer'd with an audible *Voice*, *Sir, strike me as stiff as an Alderman's Wife in a Church Pew, if I don't oblige you.*

On a sudden, a *Fellow* like a *Prize-fighter*, proclaim'd with a bloody *Oath*, that a *Reprieve* and free *Pardon* for one of the *Prisoners*, was just arriv'd. In an *Instant* a *Spirit of Joy* and *Geneva* diffused it self over the *Place* ; but a *Serjeant* of the *Foot Guards* appear'd to be under great *Anxiety*, saying it was little matter of *Joy* to him, in that his *Kinsman* had discover'd such a pusillanimous *Behaviour* under his *Condemnation*, as had already render'd him the *Jest* of all the *Geneva Shops* in *St. Giles's*, and that he would never be able to shew his *Head* again, on the *Parade* or at *Stokes's Amphitheatre* : What, says he, to refuse a *Dram* for the sake of *Drelincourt*, and sink an *Oath* to oblige the *Ordinary* ! He was going on in this manner, when a *Smithfield Horse-Courser* interfer'd in behalf of the *Delinquent*, and said, he could no longer bear to hear *poor Jemmy* abus'd in such a manner ; and offer'd to rap an *Affidavit*, that being one day in the *Cells* with him, he actually heard him outswear a *Captain* of a *Fourth-Rate Man of War*, or a *Company* of drunken *Bailiffs* in a *Tavern Kitchen*. This was acknowledg'd by one of the *Myrmidons*, or *Runners* of the *Jail* to be true ; but then indeed,

indeed, the Man cou'dn't deny but that it was a full Fortnight before the Dead Warrant came down. Next, a *Brandy Smuggler*, a good sort of a Man, used his kind Offices for composing the Difference, and reconciling the Relations to one another ; he own'd *Jemmy* had been highly to blame, in bringing a *Slur* upon himself and Family, by his timorous Conduct, but hoped that as he had now seen his *Error*, he would neither want Sense nor Leisure, to *Repent* of his *Repentance*.

Two elderly Women decently dress'd in *Black Crape*, with their Faces veil'd over like a Woman of Quality, when she drives by the Door of her *Mercer*, were curs'd like a Box and Dice at a Hazard Table, as they pass'd down the Stairs, by a *Surgeon* ; who withal said, they had lain as long in Bed as a *Welch* Dean and Chapter, so that there was hardly a possibility of their getting time enough to the *Gallows* to do their Duty. A pretty corpulent Man that stood near me, whose *Plate-Button Coat* denoted him the Master of some publick House, was so kind as to inform me that these *Gentlewomen* were the Agents of the *Surgeons*, who gave them pretty good Wages, for personating the Parents of the dying Malefactors ; for which purpose they attended in Hackney Coaches, as constantly at every Execution, as *Rain* at a *Review*, or *Ladies* at a *Rape-Trial*, and seldom fail'd to bring off a Brace or two of Bodies, for the use of their Masters the Gentlemen of the Faculty ; while the real Mothers, who have waited near the Tree, with scarce any Cloaths at all on their Backs, have not only had the mortification to see the Remains of their unhappy Children carried off in Triumph for Dissection, but also run a risque of being massacred by the Mob, on

a false Suspicion of their being in the Interest and Pay of the Surgeons.

At last out set the Criminals, and with them a Torrent of Mob, bursting thorough the Gate, like a *West-Country Barge* with a *Flash of Thames Water* at her Tail. Thousands are pressing to mind the Looks of them. Their *quondam* Companions more eager than others, break through all Obstacles to take Leave: And here you see young Villains, that are proud of being so, (if they know any of them) tear the Cloaths off their Backs by squeezing and creeping thro' the Legs of Men and Horses to shake Hands with them; and not to lose before so much Company the Reputation there is, in having had so valuable an Acquaintance. All the way from *Newgate* to *Fyburn*, is one continu'd Fair, for Whores and Rogues of the meaner sort. Here the most abandon'd Rascals may light on Women as shameless: Here Trollops all in Rags may pick up Sweethearts of the same politeness; where the Croud is the least, which among the Itinerants is no where very thin, the Rabble is the rudest; and here, jostling one another, and kicking Dirt about, are the most innocent Pastimes. Now you see a Fellow, without Provocation, push his Companion in the Kennel, and two Minutes after, the Sufferer trip up the other's Heels, and the first Aggressor lies rolling in the more solid Mire. No modern Mob can long subsist, without their darling Cordial the grand Preservative of Sloth, *Geneva*. The Traders who vend it among them, on these Occasions, are commonly the very Rubbish of the Creation, the worst of both Sexes, but most of them Weather-beaten Fellows, that have mispent their Youth. Here stands an old Sloven in a Wig
actu.

actually putrify'd; squeez'd up in a Corner, recommends a Dram of it to the Goers-by: There another in Rags, as rusty as a Nonjuring Clergyman's Cassock; with several Bottles in a Basket, flirs about with it, where the Throng is the thinnest, and tears his Throat like a Flounder Fellow, with crying his Commodity; and further off you may see the Head of a Third, who has ventur'd in the middle of the Current, and minds his Business as he is fluctuating in the irregular Stream: Whilst higher up, an old decrepid Woman sits dreaming with it on a Bulk, and over-against her in a Soldier's Coat, her terrogant Daughter sells the Sots Comfort with great dispatch. It is incredible what a Scene of Confusion, all this often makes, which yet grows worse near the Gallows; and the violent Efforts of the most sturdy and resolute of the Mob on one side, and the potent Endeavours of rugged Sheriffs Officers, Constables and Headboroughs, to beat them off on the other; the terrible Blows that are struck, the Heads that are broke, the Pieces of swinging Sticks and Blood, that fly about, the Men that are knock'd down and trampled upon, are beyond Imagination. After all; the *Ordinary* and *Executioner* having perform'd their different Duties, with small Ceremony and equal Concern, seem to be tired, and glad it is over.

A Description of Ludgate and the Competers, &c.

NOT far from *Newgate*, is another noted *Prison*, guarded like *Marseilles* with Blood-Hounds, who daily bring in Prisoners upon Horses, call'd *Duce facias's*. This Place is so
remark-

remarkable, I cannot pass without a small Description. It is much like the Apples of *Sodom*, better for Sight *without* than *within*: Its whole Prospect from the Inside are Iron Grates, where through every Transen, the forlorn Captives may take a view of the *Iron-Age*; there is one single Entrance, which, like Hell's Gate, lets many in, but few out; turn once the Ward — *Et vestigia nulla retrorsum*. The *Cimmerians*, in their Dwellings, resemble these in their Lodgings, only their Lights are different; those receive some scatter'd Beamings, by their Mountain Crannies, these by their disconsolate Loop-holes. Yet from *above*, the Inhabitants may take a view of all those *Places*, which club'd to their Restraint: And be reminded of the loss of Time, which brought them thither. The *Governour* hereof, is careless whence they come, but infinitely cautious how they go away; and if they go without his Favour, they are in great danger to break their Necks for their Labour.

This *Place* holds as much as the World; all its Inhabitants are either good or bad; here is a good Prisoner, and he makes Contemplation his Refection; nothing can confine him, because he minds nothing fit to entertain him, which Earth can afford him: Here is a fat sensual Prisoner, who is content with any Place, that may belull his cloudy Understanding, in a careless Sleep; Freedom and Bondage are indifferently equal to his fruitless Pilgrimage: here is the lean Prisoner, who, one would think, had procur'd such a Divorce from his Flesh, as if he had once enter'd into Covenant with his Spirit, whose weak exhausted Features, proceeding from the defective Reversions of a Trencher, merits Pity, bearing the Characters of his Penury, in the
dying

dying Colours of his Physiognomy. To be out at Elbows here, is to be in Fashion, it being a great Indecorum not to be Threadbare. Every Man shews here, like so many Wrecks on the Sea ; here the Ribs of five hundred Pounds, here the Relicks of a Shop well furnish'd, and a good Portion with his Wife. The Company one with the other, is but a vying of Complaints, and the Causes they have to rail at Fortune, and Fool themselves, and there is a great deal of good Fellowship in this. The Mirth of this Place is but feigned, where, over a large *Dose*, they endeavour to keep themselves from themselves, and so drown the Torment of thinking what they have been. They huddle up their Lives as a thing of no use, and wear it out like an old Suit, the faster the better ; and he that deceives the Time best, best spends it.

As for their Religion, I can speak little of it, only this, they pray not in common Form, but that the *Commons* may meet in form, in order to an *Act of Grace* ; and no Sin sticks so close to their Consciences, as that they ever paid any thing to their Creditors in part. They believe Liberty to be Heaven, Money the Guardian Angel that conducts them thither : They hold there is a local Hell, which is plac'd in the Centre of a Prison, and their Creditors the Devils which torment them. They believe there are several *Purgatories*, the Principal whereof do lie in *Woodstreet*, and in *Grocer's Alley*, where *paying* instead of *praying* gives deliverance.

The other Morning in *Cheapside*, I overtook an old Acquaintance, hurrying along between two ill-looking Fellows ; he desired I would not interrupt him, because he was going in much haste to 'Change. I was heartily glad to find he

had fallen into the Mercantile way, and wish'd him success in his new Undertaking : Before I had got to *Cornhill*, his Wife was at my Heels in a Flood of Tears, begging I would do the favour to be one of her Husband's *Bail*. I told her, he had but just before inform'd me, that he was passing to the *Exchange*, *Aye God help him*, reply'd the Woman, to *Exchange his Habitation for a Prison*, unless some kind Friend will stand by us in this Difficulty. I cast an eye upon several *Shopkeepers* and *others*, who if they persevere in their present Course of Life, will with my Friend be soon going to 'Change.

There are another sort of *Citizens* call'd *Row-ellers* : Who make a practice of borrowing Money of every Acquaintance they meet, and when they have *struck* a Friend for a *Piece* or so, can no more keep their Words for the Payment of it, than a Translator the *sixth Commandment*, or Lord B. his Wife from his *Butler's Embraces*. They are a wand'ring sort of People, who, like the *Tartars*, never abide long in a Place, but remove often, carrying *all* that they have about them. You may know 'em from any other People, by these Marks following.

If any of them walk the Streets, to be sure at the Lane's End he looks behind him, and after he hath turn'd out of Sight he mends his Pace, in an extraordinary Degree of Footmanship, till he hath gain'd some Ground of the Followers; and then he makes another Stand, to take notice whether any of them have arriv'd thither, with more than ordinary Speed. If a Creditor starts suddenly upon him, he puts on as serious a Countenance as a Soldier at Divine Service, and after some shuffling Excuses, tells him he's as sure of his Money as a *Plaintiff* in the *Marshall's Court*

is of carrying his Cause; and damns his poor Soul as often as a Corporal of Grenadiers shall do about the trifling Motion of a Firelock, that he shan't be out of it a Week longer. He loves variety of Apparel, and hates (if he has it) to be known long in a Suit; ask him the Question, and he will give you an Account of all the Taverns with Back-Doors, and envies the *increase* of the Moon, more than the decrease of his own Fortune. He is a great Enemy to Idleness, for if he hath any thing to do in the space of Half a Mile, he generally goes two Miles about to avoid many troublesome Faces, that might otherwise happen in his way.

A remarkable Character of Sir Timothy Testy, Knight.

Detrabere & Pelle, nitidus quæ Quisque per ora Cederet, introrsum Turpis——— Hor.

THERE must be an uncommon Degree of Virtue and Integrity in a Man, who, when his Country is distracted with intestine Broils and Diffensions, can steer so even and steady a Course, between the contending Parties, as to discover no Bias to either Side, and yet be in the highest Credit and Esteem with each.

For it has been always a receiv'd Maxim, that every Man must be either a Friend or an Enemy in such Conjunctions. The Leaders and Heads of the opposite Factions will not admit of any Medium to be observed between the two Extreams; and whoever attempts to make that the Rule of his Conduct must rest satisfy'd with the secret Pleasure, that he will feel from a Con-

sciousness of the Rectitude of his own Intentions; for he will meet with nothing but Sights and Mortifications from every body else.

It is true, *Atticus* had the singular Art and Address, not only to preserve the Esteem, but the Friendship and Confidence of all the great Men of each Party, thro' all the various Revolutions that happened in his Time, in the *Roman Commonwealth*. He was equally loved and esteemed by *Marius* and *Sylla*, by *Pompey* and *Cæsar*, and by *Anthony* and *Augustus*. He did a thousand good Offices to them all in their turn, without disoblising any; and in those fierce Contentions, in which no less than the Empire of the World lay at stake, he had the peculiar Felicity to maintain his Intimacy with the several Competitors, and, at the same time, the strictest Impartiality and Integrity, without flattering one, or betraying another.

But that wise and polite *Roman* was only a Friend to their Persons. He never enter'd into their Cabals, nor concerned himself with their Contests; he bore no Offices, he engaged in no Factions; but liv'd in Ease and Tranquillity, in the midst of all the Disorders and Convulsions of the State. No Applications nor Persuasions could prevail with him to break that Neutrality which he resolved to observe. Even *Scylla*, who massacred and proscribed such infinite Numbers of all Orders and Degrees, upon the lightest Suspicion, shew'd no Resentment against *Atticus*, though he sent Money to young *Marius*, after he was declared an Enemy to the Republick; and when that *Roman* General was marching to *Rome*, and desired *Atticus*, whom he always loved to have near his Person, to follow him there, the Answer that *Atticus* made to excuse himself, was not at
all

all displeasing to him. *Noli oro te, inquit Pomponius, adversum eos me velle ducere, cum quibusne contra te arma ferrem, Italiam relinqui.*

But notwithstanding the great and excellent Qualities of that illustrious *Roman*, and that happy Art which he possessed in so eminent a Degree, of insinuating into the Hearts, and conciliating to himself the different Affections of those fierce and jealous Spirits, in every thing else so opposite to, and so exasperated and embittered against one another; yet, had he not lived in a private Condition, and declined all publick Business, but had, on the contrary, endeavoured to make a Figure in the State or the Senate, though he had acted with the greatest Wisdom and Justice, and made the true Interest of his Country the only Rule of his Conduct; we should perhaps have found his Character transmitted down to us in a quite different Light from what it is at present; perhaps we should even have found his Name among the List of those that fell under the Proscriptions of *Sylla* or the *Triumvirate*.

There is therefore a great deal of Difference between sitting by as a Spectator, and appearing as an Actor upon the Theatre of Affairs. As the former neither aims at Power nor Applause, so he is subject neither to Reproach nor Danger. The latter, if he expects one, must not hope to escape the other; Censure and Fame always go hand in hand together.

But when a Man has a large Part in the Business of the Publick, when he enters boldly and without Reserve upon the Scene of Action, when he is present in every Debate, and takes his share in every Transaction, though his Intentions are ever so just, and his Conduct ever so clear and uncorrupt, though he joins with no Party, but promotes

motes or opposes the Designs of each, according as he sees they have a good or an evil Tendency ; in a word, how disinterested and impartial, how pure and upright soever he may be, yet, if he does not engage on one Side or other, he will gain few Friends ; he will find few Followers ; he may be courted and flattered, but he will neither be lov'd nor trusted.

This has generally been the Fate even of Men of real Worth and Virtue ; and the Reason is obvious enough, because where one has acted such a Part out of a sincere and honest Desire to serve their Country, Thousands have been led to it by Pride or Caprice, or Vain-glory, or an Affectation of Popularity, or other secret Motives, in which the Interest of the Publick has not the least Concern.

But when a Man sets up these extraordinary Pretensions, and endeavours to pass himself upon the World for one of such strict Justice and immoveable Integrity, as to be under no Influences, to be governed by no Prejudices, and to be determined only by Truth and Reason, and the real Merits of the Case ; it will be necessary to look a little more narrowly into his Conduct, and to compare one Part of it with another ; to see if, upon the whole, he has all that Virtue which he ascribes to himself, or if he only puts on the Shew and Appearance of it, in order to make himself significant, and to impose upon the Weakness and Credulity of the People.

Suppose then a Man, universally notorious for the most sordid Avarice, of a peevish, capricious, and a froward Temper ; of little, low, mean Habits, and yet extremely assuming, self-sufficient and proud, wedded to the greatest Degree of Obstinacy, to his own Opinions, if contradicted

dicted in them, and yet always irresolute, wavering and changing them every Moment, if let alone ; deaf to the most clear and convincing Reason, and yet his Ears always open to the grossest and most fulsome Flattery ; never to be prevailed on by the former, in any thing, tho' most plainly and manifestly for the Publick Good, and yet to be drawn in by the latter, to engage in the lowest Works of Faction, and to do the dirtiest Jobs ; so blind, as not to see that he is only a Tool and Property to others, and yet so vain as to imagine, that he leads and directs them, puffed up with the Conceit of his own Weight and Importance ; and yet secretly despis'd and laugh'd at by those that pay him the most Adulation ; a great Pretender to Justice, and yet perpetually breaking thro' the most obvious Rules of it, to gratify his Pride or Ill-nature ; taking prejudice and Offence against particular Persons, without any Reason, and yet prosecuting his Malice and Resentment against them without any Measure, affecting a conscientious Scrupulousness and strict Integrity, in order to raise his Name, and make himself of Weight and Esteem with the Vulgar ; and yet discovering upon all Occasions, a manifest Byass and Partiality ; always present, and eager to distinguish himself in every Question, right or wrong, which he thinks may increase his own Credit and Authority, and yet absolutely silent or flinching away, in Cases where even *common Justice* is concerned, if he imagines he can raise no Altars of Vain-glory to himself, by appearing in them. In a word, never right, but upon wrong Principles, never promoting Good but with an ill or selfish Design, affecting Popularity with the most unpopular Qualities in the World ; fond to be thought Benevolent and Hu-
mane,

mane, with a natural Malevolence against all Mankind, haſty, impatient, and over-bearing in Things that require the greateſt Seriousneſs, Temper and Deliberation, captious, poſitive and important in the moſt light and trifling ; led into continual Errors and Inconſiſtencies for want of Judgment, never to be better informed for want of Temper, of great Weight and Conſideration in his own Opinion, a Man intirely govern'd by Caprice and Whim, in every body's elſe.

Should ſuch a Perſon, I ſay, as has been above deſcribed, ſet himſelf up for the Oracle of the State, and the Idol of the People ; for a Man of the moſt conſummate Wiſdom, and the moſt untainted Virtue ; for an independent, diſintereſted, unbi-aſ'd Patriot, a Friend to neither one Party nor another, but equally juſt and impartial to all, unwearied in ſupporting thoſe that do Right, as indefatigable in oppoſing thoſe that do Wrong : Should there be found ſome weak enough to believe all theſe extraordinary Things of him ; ſhould there be others artful and deſigning enough to flatter him, till he believes them of himſelf ; ſhould the former, from the high Idea they have conceived of him, ſuffer themſelves to be led and directed entirely by him ; ſhould the latter, by impoſing on his Weakneſs, and ſooth- ing his Vanity, draw him in to be led and directed intirely by them ; ſhould not the Idol be ſtripped of the falſe Ornaments that his Followers and Flatterers have dreſſed him up with, in order to undeceive the World, and ſhew what a Wooden God it is they worſhip ?

I am ſenſible there is no ſuch Perſon at preſent ; and perhaps this Age is too wiſe and too ſaga- cious to be impoſed upon, by the moſt ſolemn Appearances or artful Pretences to extraordinary Sanctity

Sanctity and Virtue, let the Hypocrite act his Part ever so well : but such Impostors have been seen in the World, and such may arise again ; and the Experience of past Times has shewn us, that more Mischief has been introduced, more Distractions in States, and Revolutions in Government have been occasion'd by the Artifices of such Deceivers, than by the Ambition of Princes, or the Intrigues of Ministers ; and therefore it is as good a Work, and ought to be as acceptable to all who wish well to their Country, to warn them against the Designs of the former, if any such should appear hereafter, as against the Attempts of the latter ; for both may be equally fatal to the Constitution.

The real Causes of the Debaucheries practis'd upon the Fair Sex ; with the true Reasons why such infinite Numbers of fine Young Creatures are forc'd into the Service of the Publick : wherein young Misses are warn'd of Kitchen Conversations.

WHAT is more common, than to find the Daughters of mean Tradesmen basking in their Beds at Ten o' Clock in a Summer's Morning, and when call'd on to rise, must have good Assurances of the Tea-Kettle's being up before them, e'er they'll vouchsafe to begin to rub their Eyes and Posteriors, and put themselves in a way of slipping on a loose Petticoat, Night-Gown and Slippers ; by which, and the Addition of a foul Handkerchief, a Play-Book, and Snuff-Box, Miss is compleatly equipt for the Tea-Table.

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Thus

Thus their silly fond Parents, who perhaps are scarce able to give fifty Pounds Portion with them, indulge them from their Infancy in every slothful Habit. Any idle Complaint suffices, to keep a Child a Week from Work or from School. I have seen my Landlady's Daughters romping about the Streets all the Forenoon: *Children*, said I, *why are you not gone to School?* O Sir, *we ben't well.*

Impudence and Idleness soon gain the Ascendancy over them, and then it is, that a Wench of fourteen, fancies her self as fit for Man, and ripe for Joy, as a Woman of Five and Twenty: And then also, we behold a strange Paradox; that a Girl, who cou'd never be brought to the use of her *Needle*, becomes on a sudden a wonderful Proficient in the Art of *Stitching*.

I'll appeal to all the *Bona-Roba's* in the several Chaces, Parks, and Warrens, *North* and *South* of *Covent-Garden*, and ask whether one in twenty can fairly lay her Hand upon her Heart, and affirm, that the Cause of her Ruin was not more owing to the Pride, Negligence, or Indiscretion of those that undertook to pilot her thro' the early Part of Life, than to any evil Inclinations of her own.

I have often been astonish'd, how any Man or Woman could be so great a Stranger to the Knowledge of Life, as to trust a young Daughter or Niece, in a little *Bawdy Vehicle*, along with a rampant Rake, able and ready to ravish a whole Boarding-School; or take a Country Jaunt ten or twenty Miles distant, when every Jolt on the Road, not only gives a kind of *Ti-tillation*, but even the Situation itself affords the most favourable Opportunity, for a Fellow to rob a Girl of all that's dear to her.

What

What dreadful Execution hath been done by *Play, Masquerade, and Opera Tickets*, especially when in the Hands of skilful *Engineers*. Not to mention Dancing-bouts and other Merry-makings, which seldom prove such innocent Recreations, as some weak and credulous Parents imagine them to be.

When it is consider'd, what a vast number of Difficulties a pretty young Orphan is to struggle with in this lewd Age; one would rather think her an Object of *Compassion*, than *Adoration*, and instead of calling her *Divine*, stile her most *Miserable Creature*: She is not only to encounter with the frequent Importunities and Opportunities of *DESIRING Brothers-in-law, Uncles, Cousins,* and other *Guardians*, in whose Power she is placed; but she must also take her part in common with the rest of her Sex, in sharing of the repeated Insinuations of those fluttering Coxcombs and others, that intrude themselves into most Families, to betray the Young and Beautiful.

There are, indeed, some virtuous old Ladies, who knowing by Experience, how dangerous it is, for a pretty Girl to breed before she is betrothed, do therefore keep Hawks Eyes upon their Daughters, in whom, they see themselves at Sixteen, and will not let a young Lady stir a foot abroad without a Footman at her Heels: *Our John* may carry a harmless *North-Country* Countenance, and look as simple as a Man *just married*; yet if Miss and his Waters are not narrowly watch'd, he may chance to make an irreparable Breach in a young Creature's Character, and of which we have had but too many Instances.

I remember a beautiful *Blossom*, an Apprentice in *Lombard-Street*, whom her Friends had

strong Reasons to suspect had met with *Male-Treatment*, or, according to the Phrase, *had been Dabbling*; and who for obtaining Satisfaction, got her examin'd, touching the Premises, by one of the most *skilful Man-Midwives* in *London*. The *Doctor* assur'd them, and moreover offer'd to give it under his Hand, that the Girl was as unspotted a Spinster, as any we had in *Great-Britain*. Her Relations went away perfectly satisfied, and continued so for about two Months, when our immaculate *Milliner* was safely brought to Bed of a fine young *Silver-Smith*.

It is a certain Maxim among our experienc'd Whore-masters, when they are in the pursuit of a pretty Wench, to make a narrow Inspection into the *lower Part* of her Garb; a more than ordinary Nicety about the *Heels*, with a violent Passion for fine clean *Under-Petticoats*, gives them pretty sure hopes of securing their Game; while a Slattern, with a *dirty Pair of Shoes* and Stockings, and a draggl'd Tail, generally proves an inflexible Hussy, and holds them out, beyond all Degrees of Patience.

In short, things rightly consider'd, it can no longer be wonder'd at, that Men shew so little Inclinations to marry, when they see a *Maiden-head*'s as easy to be obtain'd as a *Peace-Warrant*, and the one granted upon a *single Oath*, as well as the other.

Notwithstanding the Maxim of our discreet Matrons, "*That 'tis better for a young Wench to smart than itch*:" I cannot help thinking, that the initiating of our Urchins so early in the ancient Science of Copulation, hath been attended with very ill Consequences, and been productive of many growing Evils. It hath set all our Hanging-Sleeve Ladies a hankering after a more substan-

substantial Food than Tea and Bread and Butter; and there have been Instances of Parents, who have presented their Children so very young at the Altar, that the Ministers have been going to perform the Office of *Baptism*, instead of the Rites of *Matrimony*. Besides, it hath occasion'd the loss of a very considerable Branch of *Trade*, and even prov'd detrimental to the Revenue; for 'tis become a great Rarity to see a *Doll* among the more innocent Amusements of our young Gentry, who are now truly grown wise enough, to prefer *Big-Bellies* to *Jointed-Babies*. My worthy Friend Mr. *Deard* tells me, that to exhibit such a foolish Emblem in his Shop to a Girl of ten or eleven Years old, would be one of the greatest Indignities he could offer to a young Virgin Customer, and which could not fail drawing down the Resentment of Miss's Mamma, who woud'n't take it over-kind in him, to teaze her Child with the dry Representation of what she thinks herself capable of enjoying in Perfection; especially when she knows her Daughter is desirous and pretty enough to become pregnant as soon as other Children.

There is hardly a Village within twenty Miles round *London*, but affords a kind Residence to one or more *Widows*, who have had *Husbands*, to whom they had the Misfortune to be never *Married*, and who by being tied down to certain yearly Stipends, (the Wages of their *youthful Labours*,) are oblig'd to pass the latter Part of their Days in a retired manner. If such a one hath a Female Pledge of her *Conjugal Love* left, she hath however this Consolation, that if it please the L—d to spare the Child's Life, and she turns out with any thing of a *Shape* and *Face*, she may one day prove a delicious Morsel for a Man

Man of Quality, and so by getting into comfortable *Keeping*, be able to support the Grey-Hairs of her Mother in Affluence to the Grave.

The *Natural Issue* of the *Nobility*, *Clergy* and *Gentry* of this Land, make at present no inconsiderable part of the *Beau Monde*, *Bastards* beget *Bastards*, and spurious *Women* bring forth spurious *Daughters*. We have daily before our Eyes lineal Descents, and regular Offsprings of Bastardy, which seem to be in as sure and happy a way of being handed down to Futurity, as a publick-spirited Whore-Master (regardful of Posterity,) can wish for.

The Progeny springing from the merry Beds of Marriages *during Good-pleasure*, face the World with a *bon grace*, appearing at all Assemblies and publick Diversions, with as much Credit and Lustre as the most *legitimate Looby* of us all.

All this naturally brings to my mind a very ill conduct in many of our Gentry of the middle sort, who suffer their Children, particularly their Daughters, to frequent the Kitchen, to become familiar with the Servants, and so of course to learn their manners. For hereby their Minds are necessarily debased, receive such a wrong byass, and imbibe such sordid impressions, as scarce ever wear off; but too frequently obliterate the sense they ought to retain of the honour of their name and family. It is certainly a very great fault in those Gentlemen that suffer this.

We will therefore suppose a Daughter now freed from the Nursery and Leading-strings, but still followed about by a Maid, whose Inclinations are to be in the Kitchen, amongst those like herself, where Miss is kissed, danced, and talked foolishly to by every Servant, whose company the

the Child is soon brought to relish and desire. One part of their Conversation very frequently turns upon frightful stories concerning Witches, Apparitions, and Hob-goblins, that imprint very frightful Ideas on her mind, and serve to keep her in awe, and in their interest.

As Miss grows bigger, and has learned her *Psalter* and *Sampler*, her delight in the Kitchen-conversation increases with her years. For now she is flattered; and none reads so well, or marks so prettily as Miss. And now she is taught to make one at Whist, and how to play at Putt. and All-fours, and to shew tricks upon the cards; as also to play at Romps, as well with the Men-servants as the Maids; which soon makes her forget her Birth, and to think herself on a level with them: the careless Parents, all this time, not considering the fatal Consequence of such Liberties. Well! Miss is now out of her Hanging-sleeves, and every one tells her how pretty she is! Yes indeed, every Servant, especially the Footman, feeds her Vanity with such sort of Flattery; and those are the greatest Favourites that do it most. Now Ballads and Love-songs are daily presented to her, and vouched for truth: one tells, *How a Footman died for love of a young Lady, and how she was haunted by his Ghost, and died for grief.* Another, *How the Coachman or Butler run away with his young Mistress, and how he took to bedging and ditching, and she to knitting and spinning, and lived vast happy, and in great plenty.* And a third, *How the young 'Squire, Master's eldest Son, fell in love with the Chambermaid, and privately married her at the Fleet; and how his cruel Father turned them both out of doors, and how they went and took an Inn, and got Money as fast as hops; 'till at last the old Gentleman died suddenly without a Will,*
and

and then his Son got Possession of all, and kept a Coach, and made his Wife, from a Chambermaid, a great Lady, who bore him Twins for twelve Years together, who all lived to be Justices of the Peace, &c.

By such foolish Stories Miss is deluded; she sighs, she pities, and at last loves: and in loving without Discretion, is too often undone without Remedy. The like Misfortune frequently happens to young Master, occasioned by the same mean and servile Conversation. And thus a Child is utterly ruined, and sometimes a whole Family, when either an only Son or Daughter is thus indiscreetly led astray: which might be prevented, if Gentlemen would but lay a greater Restraint upon their Children, and not suffer them to associate with their Servants, and take up with the Kitchen instead of the Parlour; but instil into their tender Minds more noble Sentiments, worthy of their Birth and Blood.

Of Mr. Ward's silencing the 'Pothecaries Pestles and Mortars. Of the pretended Pestilence, about two Years since in London, and the Physicians flying their Kite upon Hampstead-Heath.

AFTER so many high Speculations on the famous PILL and DROP of Mr. *Joshua Ward*; after his Name and Undertakings have been the Subject of so many Pens, the Source of so much Wit, the daily Exercise of publick Discourse and publick Expectation; it would be almost criminal to be silent in the Praise of this extraordinary Person, whose Dispensations have fill'd the *Grubstreet Journal*, whose RELIGION hath no less

less alarm'd the *Daily Courant*, whose Character hath furnish'd the *Craftsman* with wise Remarks, the *Prompter* with humourous Reflections, and been honoured in all the Papers, by the real and substantial Advantage of ample Testimonials to the Success of his Medicines:

It cannot be expected that I should enter into the Secret of this *renowned PILL*; much less am I knowing in the Means by which he acquired it, or in the Nature of the Fund by which *all the Papists of the King's Dominions* are said to support him in dispensing it *Gratis*, that the *Poor* and the *Sick* may be *converted to Popery*, by the Success of *his Nostrums*. If indeed we may credit our learned *Brother of Grubstreet*, who computes that *Four Hundred and Eighty Pills* may be made for the Price of *One Penny*, I should think the Expence might be borne and defrayed, without such a *Tax* on so numerous a *Body of People*; and that every *Four Doses* which he sells to the *Rich* for *One Guinea*, will enable him to give away *One Hundred and Twenty Thousand, Nine Hundred Fifty-six Pills*, for so small a Price as *NOTHING*: Yet, on the other hand, when I consider that *Mr. Ward* professedly disclaims whatever belongs to the *Regular Practice of Physick*, it is hard and uncharitable to believe he would be so *notoriously REGULAR*, as to sell his Medicines for so many *Thousand times more than they are worth*.

Neither are the Emissaries of the *Whore of Babylon* to be suspected of carrying on her Interests by the *Powers of Pills and Drops*; especially considering that the *Protestant Religion* hath prevailed, in Defiance of the *Jesuits Bark*; that curing of *Agues* by that powerful Specifick made no *Converts* to the *Popish Superstition*; and that *Mi-*

faubin's Pill, though imported from *France*, amidst its surprizing Effects in the *Beau Monde*, never made one Profelyte to the *French Interest*.

Having therefore, as I humbly conceive, vindicated Mr. *Ward* from the Scandal of being a Pandar to the great *Mother of Abominations*; having freely professed that I know not at all whence he had his Pill; that I know as little how he prepares it; that I do not, in the least, care who pays for it; and do further most solemnly protest, on the Faith of a Christian, *That I will never take it*: I hope the candid Reader will allow, that I enter on this Subject with a Mind entirely free from all Possession, Prejudice, or Private Interest; and, having so well prepared the Publick to believe all that I shall say on this Matter, I want no other Helps to Oratory in the Panegyrick of this wonderful Man.

To celebrate him as a great and able PHYSICIAN, his own invincible Modesty forbids me: His open Confessions that he knows nothing of the Powers of Medicine, nor any thing of the Structure of Human Bodies; that he is not *Physician* or *Surgeon*, *Chymist* or *Apothecary*, I verily believe, and do freely admit: But that he hath a REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES, is Glory sufficient to his Fame. It would be unworthy of Him to contract any Alliance with the College in *Warwick-Lane*, the Corporation of *Monkwell-Street*, or the Brotherhood of *Black-Fryars*; and, conformably to this, it was said in the *London Evening-Post*, by a former Panegyrist of his, whose Eloquence I envy, and whose Judgment I reverence, *That many believe the Wonder-working Power is not in the Pill or the Drop, but in the Person of Mr. Ward, and that He himself, without any Thing at all, could perform as extraordinary*

ordinary CURES: A Matter so fruitful of Debate, and so worthy of being debated, that, to speak in Sir *Roger de Coverley's* Style, *much may be said on both Sides*: And in this Faith I shall implicitly remain, till the *Royal Society* discuss that Point more at large in their *Philosophical Transactions*.

It is not therefore as a *Physician*, or as an *Appendix to Physick*, that we can contemplate Mr. *Josbua Ward*: it is as a PATRIOT that I behold him, and shall ever admire him. He hath produced himself to the Publick in an Age, when the Humours and Corruptions of the Human Body have been too obstinate for all the *Physicians* to deal with; and, after every thing hath been tried which the regular Practice of Physick could suggest, his Love to Mankind, and Contempt of worldly Riches, have brought him forth, with a *Pill* and a *Drop*, which have put the Prescriptions of the Faculty quite out of countenance, and silenced the Pestles of the Apothecaries Shops: a Remedy which is to be admired for the Force and Abundance of its Operations; affording to the Patient more *Evacuations Upward and Downward* for *Five Shillings*, than the Shops will sell for the Sum of Five Pounds: a Remedy which neither can be ranged as an *Emetick*, a *Cathartick*, or *Diaphoretick*, but ALL THREE together: a Remedy which rouzes the Body into motion, even when the strongest Application to the *most sensible* Parts are not able to enliven them: a Remedy which is speedy and decisive in its Effects, loses no time by delay, suffers no Disease to linger, but cures or kills, by a summary Process, without the Trouble of Forms, or the Solemnities of Learning; insomuch, that all Death by *Consultation*, which

is killing *with Malice prepense*, is, from henceforth utterly to be abolished.

This PATRIOTISM, which so eminently shines in Mr. *Ward*, would have made him equally conspicuous in any other Profession: had he been a DIVINE, he would possibly have made this Pill a CATHOLICON *pro Salute Animæ*, and have dispensed it in all the Cases of Conscience which could have required either Ease or Correction; to the end, that, as Lord Chief Justice COKE says of *Temporal* and *Ecclesiastical Jurisdiction*, the WHOLE MAN might receive a Cure, and *Body* and *Soul* at once be Sweated, Vomited, and Purged, for their present and eternal Welfare. Again; had Mr. *Ward* been a LAWYER, this Pill would have been a general *Rule of Right* in all the Courts of *Westminster*: take *this Pill*, and make a Decree, or *this Drop*, before you give Judgment; and, doubtless, had this been the Rule, many would have been made, by its Influence, not less learned or righteous than divers which have been made without it. Nor let this be lightly regarded, or read with vulgar Attention: for, tho' the judicious Reader may think it strange, when he hears of *Pills to be taken for determining Right and Wrong*, in all the Cases which can happen; yet he cannot account it less strange or surprizing, *that these Pills should cure all the Diseases incident to Human Bodies*, under every *Regimen of Health*, or *Habit of Constitution*. I do therefore infer, that *Ward's Pill* would have done the same Wonders in the PULPITS and the COURTS; and I verily think, that there have been *Periods* in the *History of England* (not excepting even the *Twelve Years*, when *Charles I.* reigned without a Parliament) at which times honest Men might have wished that the *Lights of*
the

the Church, and the Guardians of the Law, had taken a competent Dose of Ward's Drops, before they had either settled Creeds, or subscribed Judgments.

It being then so clear that *Ward's Pill and Drop* would have done as signal Service to the *Church and the Law*, as it hath produced within the *Province of Medicine*; I cannot but imagine that a Man of his *Patriotism*, and furnished with his *Nostrums*, might practise on the *Body Politick*, with as great Success as on the *Natural Body*; that the same GRAND SPECIFICK would cure all the *Diseases of the State*, the *Corruptions of the Times*, intestine Disorders, external Blotches and Eruptions, epidemick Evils, and *Grievances of all Denominations*.

We may all remember, that about two Years since, a very short time before this great RESTORER OF HEALTH found means to return in peace to his native Country, that an *idle Report* had like to have undone the whole Kingdom: in a word, the Story was this; “ That some
“ Workmen digging up the Ground in the *Pest-*
“ *fields near Golden-square*, to lay the Founda-
“ tion of some Houses, intended to be rais'd
“ thereon, several Bodies buried in the time of
“ the great Pestilence in *London*, were found a-
“ bout twelve Feet below the Surface of the
“ Earth, as fresh, as tho' they had lain there
“ but a few hours, with the Plague-Sores as vi-
“ sibly upon them, as Poverty on a small Cour-
“ tier's Countenance; and that the Workmen
“ perish'd by the Stench in numbers, as tho'
“ they had been digging Trenches before a *Ger-*
“ *man* Fortification: wherefore it was found
“ convenient to close the Ground with more
“ Precipitancy than it was open'd.”

These

These *Facts*, with those pretty trite Phrases, *they say*, and *did n't ye hear*, being roundly asserted in most Female Conversations, begot the Vapours in all Women of Fashion, who retired to their Chambers, and barricaded themselves up, as if an Army of 20000 Ravishers was encamp'd round the City and Suburbs.

The *Builders* and their *Employers* were curs'd like the Waiters at a *Bagnio*, for infecting a free-born People with their damnable Projects.

There was not a Woman that brought two thousand Pounds Portion, but fancied herself sick; and to be *in Order*, was to be *out of Fashion*: Every Woman of Quality could smell the *loathsome Stench*, exhaled in the nitrous Particles of the Air; all the Arguments of reasonable People being no more regarded, than the *Merits* of a controverted *Election*. Thus imaginary Illnesses begot real ones; the *Faculty* soon felt the happy Effects of it, and Mr. *Jackson*, an honest Book-seller in *Pallmall*, assur'd me, that he sold *ten Prayer Books* to *one Opera* or *Play*, for a Month together, till the Distemper *began to abate*; there not having been such a Run for Books of Devotion in *St. James's Parish*, for twenty Years before.

A certain great *Countess* was so violently shock'd, that she had once Thoughts of abating *sixty Oaths* a day, and was determined to decrease them gradually, till she had brought herself entirely off that scandalous Habit, till the Physicians assur'd her Ladyship of the Danger she would expose her Constitution to, in *cooling too fast*, and might even hazard her Life, in persisting in so fatal a Resolution.

Mr. *Heyd-g-r* had, at the slender Appearances at his *Balls* and *Operas*, so distorted his Countenance,

nance, that he was scarce known by his most intimate Friends and Acquaintance.

A *Vintner* in the City declar'd upon his Death-bed, that he had clear'd 300 l. in less than a Month, by palming *White-Port* and *Honey* upon the Town for *Canary*, and desired it might be made publick, to warn the *Brotherhood* of the like fraudulent Practices for the future.

To this *Report* succeeded another, of equal Weight and Credit with the *former*, viz. " That
 " the Physicians, ever watchful of the Health
 " and Welfare of the Inhabitants of this great
 " *Metropolis*, had fix'd a small piece of *Beef* to
 " the Tail of a large *Paper-Kite*, which being
 " rais'd high in the Air, upon *Hampstead-Heath*,
 " for the space of eleven Minutes, the Meat
 " came down putrified, and in as many Colours
 " as a poor Whore's Night-Gown, stinking
 " worse than a *Scotch* Cook at a large Kitchen
 " Fire." Here was a fresh Alarm, and an absolute *Confirmation*; the *Glasiers* were all set to work, to repair the *Cracks* and *Crevises* of the Windows, as though the *Mug-house Mob* had made the Town another Visit. None were now such *Infidels* as not to believe the City infected, unless a few hard-favour'd *Christians* in *Duke's-Place* and *St. Mary Axe*.

The Church, upon all hands, was allow'd to be in no danger from this Disorder; but those that frequented it were not thought so. Some of our Cathedrals, and most populous Parochial Churches were observed to be as thin as *Westminster-Hall* in a long Vacation.

A noted Nonconformist Teacher hinted from the Pulpit, that this *Visitation* he fear'd was in great measure owing to the Clamours rais'd against the *Army* and *Excise*; the whole Congrega-

gregation run out of the Meeting-House into the Streets, crying out, *More Troops, more Taxes!* to the no small Comfort and Satisfaction of some of the *Doctor's* Neighbours in *St. James's Square*.

A merry Water-Ramble from Westminster to Wapping; the Miseries of the Place describ'd; with some Account of a Tumult that happen'd near King Edward's-Stairs, occasion'd by a Sea-Lieutenant's LADY discharging a Chamber-pot from a Two-pair-of-Stairs Window on a decay'd Baronet's WIFE.

IT was in that Season of the Year, when the *Hackney-Coaches* generally conclude Peace with the *Pebble-Stones*, and the ancient City of *Westminster* looks rather like a *Russian* Desert than a civiliz'd Place; when *Peers, Pensioners, Pimps, Parsons, Poets, and Pipping Women*, forsake the *Court of Requests*; thriving Citizens their *Ware-houses*, Lawyers the *Inns of Court*, and People of Quality their Creditors; that a Friend persuaded me to take Passage with him by Water to *Wapping*. When we came to *Whiteball-Stairs*, the place of our Embarkation, the whole Town was taking to the River, like so many *Water-Spaniels*, upon a Report that the Royal Family intended to divert themselves on the *Thames* that Evening: so that it was with much difficulty we got ourselves enter'd of a Wherry, whose Complement consisted of eight Persons. Among the numbers that were pressing forward on the *Causeway*, happen'd to be *Senesino*, the famous *Italian* Singer, who earnestly intreated to be admitted a Member of our Body; which put a
poor

poor Woman into such a Pannick, that she scream'd out to the Water-men, begging them, for God's sake, not to think of taking that great unwieldy Wretch in, unless they had a mind to sink the Boat, and drown their Passengers. Madam, said one of the Fellows, I'll wager my Coat and Badge against a Mug of Two-penny, that the Gentleman weighs lighter by *two Stone*, than the least Passenger in the Wherry. The Joke put the whole Company into an exceeding good Humour; upon which I ask'd him if he had not *serv'd his Time* to the *Thames*. Sir, I scorn the Name of a *Time-Server*, for in the middle of my Apprenticeship, I run away to serve on board one of his Majesty's Ships of War. Making several other Enquiries of this *Water-Wit*, he, in his turn, ask'd me if I had not often serv'd upon *Juries*. I said, that sometimes I had been compell'd to that Office. I thought as much, replied the Man, by your demanding so many *impertinent Questions*.

After we had received the usual *Civilities* of the River, having been called ten thousand *Taylors, Mollys, Jayl-Birds, &c.* my Friend and I arriv'd safe, and in good Health, at King *Edward's* Stairs in *Wapping*.

At our coming ashore, we perceived a great Concourse of People flocking to an Evening Lecture; we followed into the Meeting-House, and heard part of a most moving Discourse. The Preacher, in the Conclusion of his Sermon, complain'd how very few were edify'd by his Labours, telling his Congregation, that their *poor Teacher* would be one day called on to *testify against them*, and shew how they had neglected his Monitions; when my Friend jogg'd me to come away, saying it was dangerous sit-
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ting under the Ministry of a Man who threatned to turn *Informer*, and become an *Evidence against his Audience*.

As we were descanting upon the miserable Objects, the ragged Sons and Daughters of Necessity that we beheld in this part of the Town, we overtook a Mother with two of her Children lugging a huge Flock-Bed and Bolster to a Pawn-Broker's, to pay the Postage of a Letter from her Husband, a Mariner on board a Ship of War at *Lisbon*. Another poor Wretch was in a Flood of Tears, having, it seems, sent in vain to half-a-score places, to borrow a Groat to defray the Expence of an Epistle from her Son at *Spithead*; the Woman deplored her Misfortune in living so distant from the other End of the Town, where she said a dozen of *Fr—s* might be purchas'd for a couple of Shillings, at any of the *Scotch* Coffee-houses.

Passing forwards through several Lanes and Alleys, I perceiv'd, as I thought, a very handsome *Shoe-maker's Shop*, where several Pairs of *Boots* and Quantities of *Leather* were hanging round it; my Friend saying this part of the Town was famous for good *Leather*, we were entering the Shop, to equip ourselves each with a Pair of *Boots*, when, to our very great Surprise, we found that what we had taken for *Leathern Boots*, were actually *Skins of Beef*, it being a *Butcher's Shop*; which, it seems, furnishes most of the *French Hugonots* this Way with Provisions for their *Soups Royal*.

Above four hundred Souls were assembled about the Door of a *Chandler's Shop*, I am thoroughly satisfied, that had all their wearing Apparel been valued by the most virtuous *Sworn Appraiser*, it would not all together have amounted

to

above Fifty Shillings. They were debating with their *Hands* and *Tongues*, on an Affair that had put the whole Place into the utmost Confusion. A little nimble-tongu'd Gentlewoman took upon her to relate the Fact, as it appear'd to her, *viz.* that Lieutenant *Bowsprit's* Lady, with some other Gentlewomen of the *best Fashion* in *Wapping*, being in her *Ladyship's* Room, on the *Second Floor*, drinking of warm Punch together, the Chamber-pot unluckily chanc'd to run over; upon which her Ladyship was so good as to come in person to the Window, and, with her own hands, hoist the over-laden Vessel into the Street; at which Instant, a Woman, with Patches on her Face, and *Dearns* in her Apron, happen'd to be passing by, and receiv'd on her Cloaths a large Proportion of the *briny Element* than the Ground did; that the Woman had huff'd and bounc'd about it, and was gone to Justice *Twelve-penny's* to fetch a Warrant, saying, that she would make the Hussy pay for her Nastiness, and Abuse of a *Woman of Quality*. *Quality*, continues our verbose Informant; Laud, Sirs, you'd ha' died with laughing, had you but heard the Creature talk of her Husband's being a *Knight* and *Baron-Knight*, and that his Family was as old as the *Ormand Conquest*, as if *Knights* and *Baron Knights* Wives went no finer; when every body knows that Madam *Bowsprit* was bred and born a *Gentlewoman*, her Father and Mother kept a Slop-shop many years at *Portsmouth*, and now a Punch-house at *Limehouse*, where they are look'd upon to be as *rich People* as any in the whole Parish; besides, is n't her Husband third Lieutenant of a Man of War, which crowns all the rest?

Whilst we were thus busying our Brains with the Thoughts relating to the Condition of Sea-

men, who mostly inhabit this Place, I could not but reflect on the unhappy Lives of these *Salt-Water* kind of *Vagabonds*, who are never at *home*, but when they are at *Sea*, and always are wandering when they're at home; yet never contented, but when they're on shore: they are never at ease till they've received their Pay, and then never satisfied till they have spent it. And when their Pockets are empty, they are just as much respected by their Landladies (who cheat them of one half, if they spend the other) as a Father is by a Son-in-law, who has beggar'd himself to give him a good Portion with his Daughter.

An Account of Farinelli.

THE publick Papers have given us a List of some of this Gentleman's Contributors, and make his Profit amount to upwards of Two Thousand Pounds; to which if we add Fifteen Hundred Pounds Salary, and casual Presents, we may compute his annual Income at near Four Thousand Pounds a Year.

The highest Offices in his Majesty's Household, executed by Men of the first Quality in *England*, have no Salaries annexed to them that come near this Sum.—The Profits of their Employments added to their Salary, will fall infinitely short of this Computation.—Gentlemen who have served their Country ten, fifteen, twenty Years, think themselves amply rewarded, if they can procure a Son a Place of Four or Five hundred Pounds a Year. A Lawyer shall toil at the Bar thirty Years, and come into Fortune when he is going out of Life, nor think his Labour ill-bestowed—An Officer grown WHITE in the Service, will comfort himself with a Regiment

ment of Invalids, and sit down happy with such a Recompence.—Whilst a Fellow (who is only fit to enervate the Youth of *Great Britain*, by the pernicious Influence of his *UNNATURAL Voice*, and make our *Women*, who once dealt in the nobler Passions of Humanity, *prostitute their Beauties to his Interest*, by levying, in virtue of those Beauties, upon our young Fellows of Fortune, who are too complaisant to refuse a pretty *Sollicitor*, ten, fifteen Guineas for a Ticket, in favour of one who, if he *COULD*, might command *THEIR PERSONS* as well as *THEIR PURSES*) shall be recompensed, for *the Mischiefs* he does, beyond the first Nobleman in *England*, for *his Services*. But can any thing be too considerable for One, of whom it was said in the Pit, after one of his Songs, cryed out, *ONE GOD, ONE FARINELLI!*

A Woman of the first Quality in *England*, fearing lest the *Senor* should be affronted at receiving a Bank-Note of 50 *l.* for *one* Ticket, if presented without Disguise, thought of a lucky Expedient, to prevent his Anger; which was, to purchase a Gold Snuff-box of Thirty Guineas Value, in which having inclosed the Note, she ventured, with Fear and Trembling, to make her Offering at the *EUNUCH's Shrine*.

Another, looking on the *Senor* in a properer Light, presented him with a Gold Tweezer-Case set with Diamonds. —

A Third, a Widow Lady, of a very moderate Fortune, with two or three Children to take care of, said, with great Concern, *SHE HAD STOLE A TICKET FOR FIVE GUINEAS*. If she had said, *She had robbed her Children of Five Guineas*, she had spoke the Truth.

Is there no Spirit left in the young Fellows of the Age? No Remains of Manhood? Will they suffer the *Eyes, Ears, Hearts, and Souls*, of their Mistresses, to follow an *Eccho of Virility*? Do they want a *Juvenal* to put Words in their Mouths? Or are they themselves poisoned? Have they no Notion of this more VISIBLE PROSTITUTION, this ADULTERY OF THE MIND, as that noble Example of my own Sex, my Lord Townly, calls it, when a Wife is alienated from her Husband, by any Pleasure whatsoever? Can they be gross enough to take up with a Woman that is *theirs*, but at *Second-hand*? For, tho' this imperfect Sketch cannot wrong them one way, a Man of Spirit should condemn a Woman, in whom any Passion dominates stronger than Love of himself.—Second to that Passion, let her enjoy all the reasonable Pleasures of Life, but NONE above it.—

I am concerned to see the Spirit of both Sexes sunk to such a Degree.—But this is not the only ill Consequence arising from this foreign Plague that is spread among us: *Passions* are always more expensive than *real Wants*, and will be SUPPLIED.—Private Gentlemen, with Families, that hitherto cou'd live agreeably, and partake of publick Diversions of the Town, reasonably, are forced to pinch and decrease the Figure they make, to send a Wife, and three or four Daughters, to hear *Farinelli* twice a Week.—A Lady can't find Half a Guinea on a *Saturday Morning*, for a poor Shoe-maker, whose Family will be supported a whole Week by it, that at Night will untye her Purse-strings, and with *Greediness* bestow it at the Opera.

